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THE RESTRICTED SHELF: CENSORSHIP'S LAST STAND
By Margaret Culkin Banning

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"If we remember cruelty only to hate the men who caused it we shall merely keep the wheel of cruelty turning." . . .

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By Frank Case

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by Rachel Field

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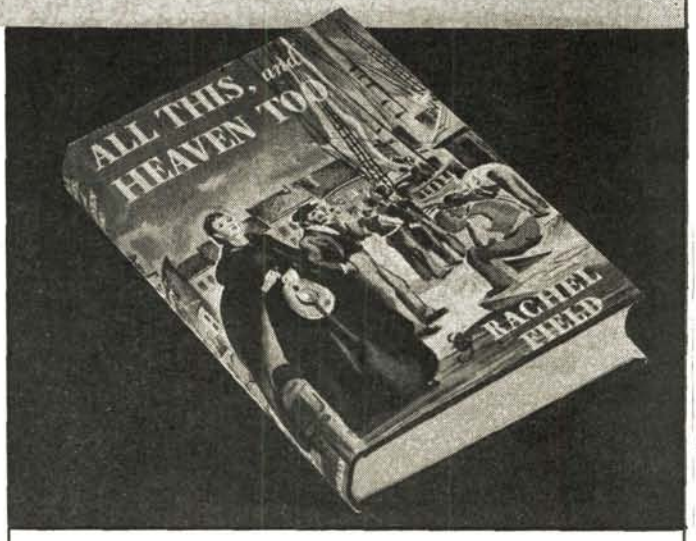

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The Restricted Shelf

Censorship's Last Stand

BY

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Pinchot

Margaret Culkin Banning: "The public may strain at a gnat while we know it swallows a camel" . . .

SOMETIMES it means a locked bookcase. Or it may be a row of books which stands in the backroom of a library, a row composed of volumes that are not admitted to the open shelves nor even listed in the usual catalogues. Sometimes it is only an informal place under the librarian's desk, where books which are never put into general circulation must wait until borrowers ask for them. Sometimes they wear out quickly and sometimes they gather dust. To borrow these books you must make a definite request, and though they would not be denied to any respectable adult, since permission is involved so is censorship. The device of such restriction may be one thing or another, but the interesting fact is that the administrators of most public libraries still think it is wise, or at least expedient, to have a hideaway for some of the books which they buy.

The closed or restricted shelf is usually a short one and almost always contains a confused, heterogeneous group of books. Most of them will be books which pertain to sex. They may be manuals of sex instruction, or serious theses on abnormal sex, or modern novels which are unrestrained in dialogue or plot. Very occasionally there may be a political book. At one time one library did not put "Mein Kampf" on the open shelves because of the very great objection of Jewish taxpayers, and Catholic citizens have sometimes within my own knowledge objected to certain studies of the Jesuit priesthood, which were therefore put on the restricted shelves.

There are some books in such collections which seem so namby-pamby that it would seem that nobody could object to them. But there they are because someone has objected. If you take a look at the restricted shelf in almost any library it is bewildering and informing. There is no consistency discernible in the practice of restriction, says one librarian, nor is any very high degree of common sense evident in its application. The restricted shelf as a rule looks like what it is, a pie in which there have been too many fingers.

It shows, too, that the public may strain at a gnat while we know it swallows a camel. I have seen Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife" tucked away on a restricted shelf, and "God's Little Acre" (which was probably taken for a work on agriculture by the same censor-minded patron who objected to Miss Canfield's novel) loose in the same library. "Europa" may be on the restricted shelves and Ernest Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not" on the open shelves. "The Decameron" or Havelock Ellis's books on sex may rub covers with James Gray's "Shoulder the Sky." "Raffles" was once taboo in our own library because the objection had been made that it glorified the criminal. This was a long time ago, but once on the restricted shelf you serve a long term, and it is only recently that "Raffles" was released for general circulation. Bromfield's "A Good Woman" was held out of circulation because it ridiculed the church "sister." Down through the years there has been objection to "The Green Hat," "Strange Interlude," "Ann Vickers," and, lately, to "Imperial City." There is no telling where censorship will strike. It is a twister.

But nine times out of ten it hits a book which presents, in fiction or otherwise, some phase of sex conduct. If the restricted shelf included all the books in a library, to say nothing of the pieces in magazines, which deal with sex in a manner which would have been objectionable twenty years ago, it would certainly have to enlarge its quarters. Every librarian knows this. Every trustee who reads many of the books in his own library knows it. But, in spite of what seems to be a very palpable absurdity in inclusion and exclusion, the restricted shelf survives.

We hear less and less of censorship of publications. The number of prigs and bigots and self-appointed guardians of public morals seems to have pleasantly diminished. The publicity value of censorship has also been so completely demonstrated that there is considerable hesitation among sensible people about helping out the sale of a book whose content may be deplorable by attracting a perverse attention or curiosity to it. If you want to spend your money on morbid books or erotica, probably no one will prevent you today.

This is not mere public callousness. There has been a steady progress on the part of readers, writers, publishers, and distributors toward toleration of frankness in print, as well as a growing willingness to study the abnormal in character and situation. This seems by actual test to be progress and not degeneration. For though delicacy has suffered, salaciousness has had the worst of it. Sex absorption has apparently passed its peak in current fiction at least. Most of its manifestations, pathological, neurotic, phallic,

Next Week

REWARDS AND FAIRY STORIES
By ARTHUR TRAIN

DERELICTS
By WILLIAM McFEE
Reviewed by Oliver LaFarge

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bawdy, sadistic, and the rest are now so familiar that their shock power has diminished with a great body of readers. We may be less modest of mind than we used to be, but we are less easily provoked or tempted by whispers of evil, if we are reasonably well-read.

But censorship of publication is one thing and the existence of a restricted shelf is another. If you are interested in libraries, and particularly in public libraries, you know that the question of this second sort of censorship is never dead, though it may sleep for months while purchases and borrowing of books go on in uninterrupted stream.

Then some citizen comes into the library with a copy of "Eyeless in Gaza" in his hands, which he borrowed yesterday. He is both irate and horrified at having the abortion description and discussion in it on the shelves where anyone can read about it. He is stirred up and threatens to make trouble for the library. That book, he says, is not one that "kids" should read. The taxpayers' money should not be spent for books like that. Such an angry complaint cannot be disregarded. The person who talks like that can make librarians and trustees tremble in their boots, not because of his literary judgment but because he may do damage to the library.

I have a personal nightmare about this. It is a nightmare in which I am arguing for a book budget before the city council of my own city, or your city, or any city, and especially making a plea for the book fund. And, as I work up to a climax, some taxpayer objects and begins to read passages from some of the books on the shelves in the library, saying public money should not be spent on books like that. He might read, for example, the night scene in bed between Morgan and his wife in "To Have and Have Not," or he might read the chapter of "Imperial City" when the society girl turns prostitute for pin-money.

This has never happened to me and it is a predicament which I hope will never happen, but it is one reason—and so most librarians would agree—for a restricted shelf. The matter cannot be dismissed by poking fun at the alderman and saying that they are a narrow-minded lot. How are you going to make your alderman, who is a good citizen and a family man, believe that it is right to pay out the taxpayers' money for scenes of fornication and prostitution? He simply wouldn't follow your argument. I doubt if he should.

None the less, it is not right for a modern library not to have a complete collection of Mr. Hemingway's works. They are modern literature. So is Mr. Rice's "Imperial City." Any public library which has taste and pride wants to house good contemporary literature, strong human stuff though it may be. Fiction collections in a library, far more than in the drugstore or rental library of a department store, should be "representative of the spirit of the age and of the most stimulating and significant tendencies and development of literary art." I am quoting Miss Helen Haines of Pasadena, who lectures at library schools and says it better than I could.

The problem is to do this so that the public money is spent for a collection that will be interesting in the immediate present and valuable in the future, and at the same time not to affront the man who is paying the taxes and footing the bills. Library budgets do not come out of income taxes. They come from real estate taxes, and those press much too heavily on many poor people to increase them more than is necessary. But the public library is supported because it is educational. The taxpayers may sometimes growl at its cost, but they regard it as a good influence and one which will not betray their ideals of a good community life. They believe in sexual privacy, in closing up disorderly houses so young people will not be attracted by any false glamor, in monogamy, in decent living. To find books which do not uphold their ideals on their library shelves, paid for out of taxes, seems to them quite wrong.

Why, a man asked me once, should even a mill of the public money be spent for books which either defend or present as attractive acts and practices which are prohibited by the city ordinances, which set down in print the matters which decent people will not even discuss with one another? We pay policemen to stop people from doing the very things that are described in some books as being romantic or justified, and we pay them out of the very same tax dollar with which we buy the books. Isn't it a paradox to encourage reading about the very kind of things that the law is trying to stamp out?

There is a point there, but it carries with it an assumption which experience denies. It is that reading carries over swiftly into conduct, and that we do or are tempted to do many of the things of which we read. Normally that is not true. One may read, wrote Claude Washburn, the conversation between Jurgen and the Hamadryad, without having any desire to go downstairs and assault the cook. A wish for romance, for travel, even for lust may come into the mind which is affected by a book. But it is usually only in stories that the influence of a story actually directs conduct. Against the few times when this happens to the extent of misfortune, we must balance the great benefit of the extension of human knowledge, even a knowledge of bad habits. For wide reading makes less ingenuous, less bigoted, ultimately more tolerant and kind people. That is the proper result of reading on conduct. Also we must remember that all those who obey city ordinances willingly do not share a point of view on what is obscene. Lawrence said that well. "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another."

This argues the case a little but does not dispose of the problem. The book disputed by the taxpayer would probably go on a restricted shelf where it may be a gesture, or simply an "out" for librarian and trustee. Books of equal power of suggestion would undoubtedly remain on open shelves, unnoticed, creating no quarrel. If the restricted shelf is to be more than a hide-out for books that are scapegoats, we must consider it further.

The reasons for its continued existence are usually two, when they come up for discussion, as was true recently at a meeting of trustees in my own state. The first was the reason of caution, having a refuge for books that belonged in the collection and that someone might find objectionable. The second was the important one, also voiced by many taxpayers, that some books should not be read by those who were not prepared for such reading by experience, education, or a proper age. This was the reason of conscience, dictated only by the fear of harming young and sensitive minds, and of preventing normal growth, a very real fear with most parents.

There happened to be inherited books on sexual inversion and erotic symbolism and cognate subjects on my bookshelves while my children were growing up and while their friends were going in and out

(Continued on page 14)

Return

By DAVID McCORD

DEEP after sleep we enter waking
The depths no dream, no dreamer, reached;
And the one shoreless sea forsaking,
On infinite sands our craft is beached.

Eyes shut from eyes, voice crying "voice,"
We safe returned are not the saved;
Whence come the choosers with a choice?
Where stand the sure of something braved?

Brink falls to brink, star gleams to starry
Face of the last galactic stone;
The mind hunts down the immortal quarry,
Self turns to self and is sore alone.

O sleepers, rousing in that gift
Of light, how absolute the day!
The sky has only clouds to lift,
The soul has but to find its way.

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Men against Fanatics

TESTAMENT. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THOSE who know Mr. Hutchinson's novels know that he is a man of many words; it is hard for him to leave an incident or a scene or an emotion or a thought, or even a casually introduced character, until he has done his verbal best or most with the subject that is passing under his hand. His verbosity always puts a strain upon the main thread and core of his story, and in the case of "Testament" the strain is severe. But the core is sound enough and the thread is strong enough to bear it. The reader brings to the significant moments of the narrative an accumulation of pertinent experience that enables him to appreciate their significance. Mr. Hutchinson takes command of our emotions slowly and by degrees, but in "Testament," at least, his command is complete when it is essential to his success as an artist and as a novelist. The call upon our emotions is gradual, but increasingly intense.

"Testament" is a novel of the Russian Revolution, or, more correctly, of the two revolutions of 1917. Its principal character is Count Anton Scheffler, lawyer and humanitarian; but Scheffler's story comes to us through a narrator, Captain Otraveskov, whose domestic and political history is inextricably united with Scheffler's own. The two men met in hospital after a Russian defeat, they were in the same Austrian prison camp, and they were repatriated and sent back together to the Russian rehabilitation camp at Mariki-Matesk. Otraveskov was entirely captivated by Scheffler's personality and warmed by the flame of truth that was in him; he was drawn into Scheffler's heroic and fatal orbit, and he survived to become his biographer. One of these men, perhaps, was really great; the other merely capable of appreciating greatness. Otraveskov was an old theoretical revolutionist of 1905, who had done his time in Siberia, but when he met Anton he was morally exhausted and able to follow flights of self-sacrificial idealism only at a distance. Anton was above and beyond such exhaustion.

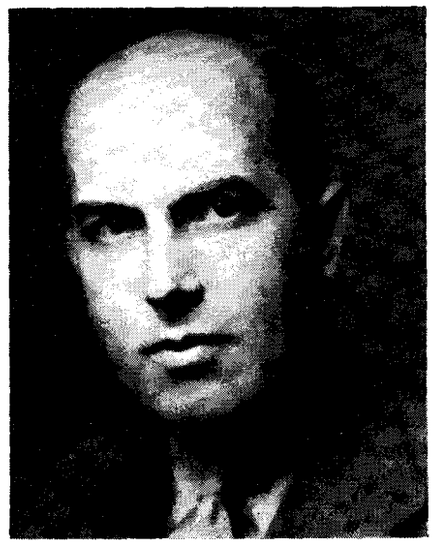
It would be easy to call him a god-possessed man of the type familiar to Russian literature and immortalized by Dostoievsky, but this would be to do him less than justice. The god-possessed or god-intoxicated man, beloved of the pre-revolutionary Russians, was invariably an innocent. Count Scheffler, through many years, met the world on its own terms, in pursuit of one of the world's most sophisticated professions. His purity of thought and feeling was weaponed by legal knowledge and forensic eloquence. He lost causes, under the Czar, because he accepted causes that could not be won. He lost his fight at Mariki-Matesk because he challenged a military hierarchy whose power was still indisputable. He went down to physical defeat in his last battle because he opposed a new power that dared brook no opposition. But he was never the victim of his innocence. He was victim, or victor, by virtue of a faith and a calculation that told him that no cause is lost except by surrender.

The two peaks towards which the narrative of "Testament" rises are two trials. In the first, inconclusive and unconcluded, Scheffler was a prisoner because he refused to lead a draft of obviously unfit men back to active service. In the second, conclusive and ultimate, he was a prisoner because he was no more willing to serve as a rubber stamp for the Communist Party than he was willing to act as an unthinking cog in the military machine of old Russia. The individual and individual justice remained sacred to him. He was destroyed by a movement to which individualism was contemptible.

The method by which his destruction was contrived will horrify every reader,—every reader, that is, who is still capable of being horrified by the inhumanity of the fanaticism which, under various labels and thrusting towards supposedly antipodal goals, is now winning daily victories. Anton Antonovitch knew the soil in which such fanaticism was conceived, and he also knew its sterility. "If," he said, "we remember cruelty only to hate the men who caused it we shall merely keep the wheel of cruelty turning. That is not revolution, it is only a change in the direction of evil."

Only a change in the direction of evil. . . . That is the movement which "Testament" reveals to us. That is the revelation which makes "Testament" a novel of and for our times.

This review has said only a little of what it started out to say. It might have dwelt upon the numerous living characters who populate the novel, on the picture of the chaos and corruption of Imperial Russia at war, on the vivid revolutionary scenes and the deeply felt days of imprisonment. It might have lingered on the subtle and touching story of Alexi Alexeivitch Otraveskov and his wife Natalia. It might have paid tribute to the *tour de force* by which an English author, despite locutions obviously English, has succeeded in writing a novel that is convincingly thought through and acted through by Russian characters. But I hope that it has said enough to convince its readers that "Testament" is a novel to be read.



Berry Fleming

Pioneers in New York

TO THE MARKET PLACE. By Berry Fleming. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. FLEMING'S "Siesta" was a flavorsome novel which caught and held the atmosphere of the Deep South. In "To the Market Place," the Deep South marches on New York in the years before the depression, but in proportion as it approaches the metropolis, the flavor seems to go out of it. The fable of "To the Market Place" concerns a group of young persons bored with life in the Deep South, who make their way to New York in the glamor days of the late twenties. The stories of their individual lives are loosely interconnected, but the general scheme of the book is to chronicle each life separately and intermittently. All but one retreat South when the book concludes; the exception, a lady of more heroic heart or romantic temperament, having gone west on an archeological expedition, elects to remain in Gotham. The book is, then, episodic in architecture, and some of the episodes are vividly related, but the story lacks focus. No character is put in a central light, and no character is sufficiently elevated above a kind of typicality to enchant the reader.

Mr. Fleming has a feeling for conversation and an ear for the American lingo. Certain kinds of scene he describes vividly and well—as, for example, the opening scene in the present novel. His general style is pleasant and easy, so that any particular passage in his book is agreeable reading. But in this novel the sum of Mr. Fleming's parts does not add up to anything more than the sum of Mr. Fleming's parts.

I think the difficulty arises from Mr. Fleming's apparent uncertainty of purpose in "To the Market Place." The

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young man trying to live in a cheap apartment while he paints; the girl dissatisfied with woman's sphere in this imperfect world and on fire for a New York job; the young married couple trying to lead a family life in the megalopolis—over each of these broods the shade of Carol Kennicott. Mr. Fleming is of the opinion that they all ought to go back home. One may share Mr. Fleming's enthusiasm for the ancient human values alive in dear old Dixie, but this retreat southward doesn't seem quite to answer the question.

Or maybe I am all wrong. Maybe Mr. Fleming wanted to write an historical novel about New York life among the rising generation in the twenties. Or maybe he had some material around and thought he ought to write another book. I dunno. All I can truthfully say is that "To the Market Place" does not seem to me quite to come off.

Brought Back to Life

DEAD NED. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

THERE can be no harm in telling at once the plot of Mr. Masefield's latest narrative, for it is set forth upon the title page for all to see: "Dead Ned: The Autobiography of a Corpse, Who recovered Life within the coast of Dead Ned, And came to what Fortune you shall hear." There is an intentional play upon the word here, for Ned is not only the name of the young lad who is hanged at Newgate Prison, London, for a crime he did not commit, but also the name of a particularly dark and bloody section of the African slave coast. Hanged at Newgate, brought back to life, and off to Africa on a slave ship—such is the course of Ned Mansell's career in eighteenth century London. Let the reader, who wonders that England's poet devotes his energies to this fantastic tale, press on with his reading, and soon he will become aware of an old savor he may have thought had passed out of English literature two centuries ago. He will note the old picaresque design as fresh as it ever was, the straight narrative moving on with time, the easy multiplication of robust characters coming and going, all veracious and recognizable, the careful detail of English scene, interior and exterior alike, and especially the simple level of consciousness upon which the narrator, Ned himself, tells his story, so straightforwardly free of all the pale casts of thought that two hundred years of literary experiment have brought to the novel. More briefly, Mr. Masefield has written, in the twentieth century, an eighteenth century novel. It is a beautiful revitalizing of an old manner, entirely worthy of its writer. It is only fair to add that this is but half the tale; there is a second volume to come.

Fleet Streeter

WORLD OF ACTION. By Valentine Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

FOREIGN correspondent, soldier, novelist, lecturer, world traveler, Valentine Williams has brought to each of his many vocations and avocations a lusty appetite for life, a keen mind, and a fine appreciation of the nuances of people, places, and events. Though crowded to overflowing with adventures, ideas, and personalities, "World of Action," his autobiography, yet remains urbane and unhurried. It is—or seems to an American reviewer—very English in its restrained telling of a crowded and zestful tale. From first page to last the book makes delightful reading, and its author emerges as a very civilized and very likable human being.

Mr. Williams's father was one of the editors of Reuter's almost from that news agency's inception. His brother, Douglas Williams, now chief U. S. correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, is among the best-known British journalists. He was thus born into newspaper work, and at twenty-one, in 1904, was already foreign correspondent in Berlin. By the time the World War started he was a veteran reporter and became Northcliffe's principal war correspondent. Disgusted by the censorships, he gave up reporting for fighting and served creditably as captain in the Irish Guards.

Wounds and shell shock diverted him to fiction, and in twenty years he has produced twenty-four volumes of it—novels, detective and mystery yarns, short stories. But the umbilical cord connecting him with Fleet Street was never cut. He returned to cover the Versailles peace negotiations, to tour Morocco for the press, and to work on other newspaper assignments.

The rich story of this career, more than thirty-five mature years spent busily in the thick of great affairs, Mr. Williams tells largely in terms of interesting people, great and humble, whom he has known. He is far more interested in characters than in causes, and he has the gift of bringing those characters to life: rulers, from Kaiser Wilhelm to President Roosevelt; diplomatists and famous reporters; actors and explorers; generals and fellow-novelists.

Unlike most recent journalistic memoirs, which deal largely with the post-war world, "World of Action" is particularly detailed and convincing in its record of the pre-war Europe — the Europe of Nicholas II, Emperor Franz Joseph, the German Kaiser, the Balkan wars, the Portuguese Revolution. After the war Mr. Williams's interests centered increasingly in his literary work. The chapters which he devotes to the methods and heartaches of the story-teller's craft should be especially interesting to literary men, even as most of the rest of the volume is especially interesting to newspaper people.

Mr. Williams's impressions of America, in the last part of the book, disclose his talents of observation and his sympathetic intuitions with particular clarity to an American reader. In two sojourns on this side of the ocean, before and after the Great Crash, he passed through fascinated bewilderment to clear-headed understanding of the miracle that is America. His record of the process will tell Americans a great deal that they have overlooked or forgotten.

Bomb Outrage—King Alfonso's Wedding Procession, 1906. (From "World of Action.")

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The Obsolete Ego

APROPOS OF DOLORES. By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS novel is in the form of a diary. The diarist, Stephen Wilbeck, an English publisher, recalls among other things the thirteen years of his married life with a lady named Dolores. The thirteen years end rather abruptly because, about two thirds of the way through the book, Stephen gives Dolores an overdose of sleeping mixture and she disappears from a world in which, had she lived, she would have become the outstanding example of a perfectly appalling old woman. For Dolores is completely, malignantly bad.

She is so bad—("assertion and avidity incarnate," says Stephen, ". . . the most completely, exclusively, and harshly assembled individuality I have ever known . . . ")—that one is tempted to believe that she must actually have existed. But Mr. Wells warns us in his prefatory note against this sort of speculation. He says that every character in his book is fictitious, and so we must judge Dolores according to fictional standards, in which case she becomes rather improbable. She is, as Stephen Wilbeck says, "a jackdaw collection" of gestures, accents, clothes, mannerisms. Mr. Wells is a mighty looker-on, and many a character of his in the past has been little more than a collection of observations taken from here, there, and everywhere; but a collection arranged by a master hand which moves the pieces to and fro with such dexterity that they produce an illusion of unity and life. With Dolores the hand seems to falter now and then; the collection slows down, disintegrates, stands still; and instead of a woman, all we can see is a rather strident disarray of ill-assorted nastinesses.

This doesn't happen very often, but it happens often enough for the reader to feel bewildered and put out. He begins to wonder why on earth Mr. Wells bothered with Dolores. And then he realizes, with considerable relief, that Mr. Wells is merely up to his old tricks, just using Dolores to illustrate a thesis, just writing a novel that is not really a novel but a vehicle for some more ideas.

The thesis which underlies this grim little tale is that human beings should not, perhaps, be distributed into races, cultures, and peoples, but into genetic types. The Dolores type is "emphatic, impulsive, and implacable." It is ego-centered. It cannot adapt itself to the modern world. The Stephen Wilbeck type, "probably a recent mutation, observant, inhibited, and disingenuous," is not entirely ego-centered, and may survive the wreckage of this civilization. The other characters represent yet other types.

The thesis is often disagreeable and sometimes muddled, because Stephen and not Mr. Wells is supposed to be setting it forth; and Stephen elaborates a large part of it while under the influence of brandy. And even when Mr. Wells removes the Stephen mask and peers out at us as himself, we feel inclined to say, "Oh, surely you could do better than that." But the fact remains that, in spite of our doubts, we go on reading, interested, even absorbed. Mr. Wells is a humorist, he has a superb observation, his attitude to life—even when he seems to be having a lark at our expense—is fundamentally serious. The combination is hard to resist. Very few serious writers know *how* to be serious; how to keep the reader moving on from one notion to the next without giving him time to get bored. Mr. Wells does know how to be serious. He shepherds us along like a genial usher with a long experience in handling crowds. It is only when we have been ushered out of the last page that we pause to ask ourselves whether, in this instance he was sure what it was that he was being serious about.

George Dangerfield is the author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England."

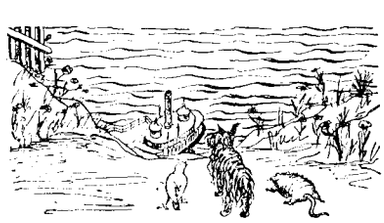
Philosophic Dog

JOURNEY OF TAPIOLA. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

IT is hard to sum up a LaFontaine fable or one of Mr. Disney's masterpieces. "There was a thrifty ant and a grasshopper who didn't like to work . . . " And then? The reviewer must end up by saying, "It was all in the way it was told."

So it is with Robert Nathan's latest book, "Journey of Tapiola." It is the subtle, underlying implications that count in this fantasy. Tapiola is a very small Yorkshire terrier. He belongs to the wife of a publisher, Mrs. Poppel. He leads an indolent and pampered existence until the urge to be a hero comes over him and he fares forth to grapple with life. He and Richard, an equally adventurous canary who longs to go to Hollywood and emulate Mr. Nelson Eddy or Mr. Lawrence Tibbett, escape. They hide in an ash-can which, in turn, is removed by the Department of Sanitation. Our heroes find themselves on a garbage barge in the river where they have a series of horrifying adventures. They meet a rat named Jeremiah, as gloomy and unpopular a prophet as his Biblical namesake. Together, like the Three Musketeers, they manage to escape. They return home, sadder for their adventures and wiser for their philosophizing. Tapiola has been hungry and afraid; he has even been obliged to give a lecture on "Literary Afternoons or Life at Mrs. Poppel's,"—but he has lived. He has also found a soul-mate who understands him, a gentle lady rabbit who is lost in admiration before him.



"The urge to be a hero comes over him" . . . (Drawing by George Salter).

This is a roman à clef. Mrs. Poppel is undoubtedly Mrs. Knopf. Mr. Robert Nathan is Mr. Robert Nathan. As to "the eminent critic Stuart Orrin" who has large feet and who says, "It is impossible to have a popular success under a thousand pages . . ." your guess is as good as mine. Tapiola is himself.

The delicate humor and wisdom which mark Mr. Nathan's work are here in abundance. This, for instance, is a discussion of love.

> "It is hard for me to believe," said Tapiola, "that love and hatred are as closely related as you say. Of course I am not very big, but my heart is large, and I have been in love more than once. I experienced in each instance an emotion of indescribable tenderness, mingled with respect; with occasionally some sadness and loss of appetite. In my opinion, love is a sort of medicine, it is a tonic which stimulates certain parts of the body at the expense of others."
>
> "Does not hatred do the same?" asked Jeremiah.
>
> "I am talking about love," said Tapiola.

In his earlier books, Mr. Nathan had a Greek chorus of animals, watching and commenting on his people. In his subsequent success and preoccupation with humans, the animals disappeared. I always regretted this, remembering Musket, the dog, and Bartholomew, the rooster, in "The Fiddler in Barly," and the wonderful fox in "Jonah," who, after discussing with Jonah whether Jehovah was a Jew or a fox, remarked philosophically, "Well, a beard or a tail, that is merely a matter of direction." Now in Tapiola, I find this inimitable touch again.

Tapiola once twitted a Great Dane, Ch. Lance von Habich by saying, "It is only your great size which makes you in any way remarkable." This book, like its hero, is small but remarkable.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The "Central Problem"

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN'S chapter on Literature in the symposium "America Now," which Allan Nevins discussed in last week's issue, is so interesting and provocative that it calls both for an appreciation and a reply. Mr. Chamberlain has brilliantly brought off one of the most difficult assignments in literary journalism—a survey article on contemporary American fiction which, by developing a central idea, avoids being a catalogue, but which nevertheless does survey its field. It is interesting, it is stimulating, it is—as far as it goes—incontrovertible. It not only describes but explains. Its limitations are those inevitably associated with the article form—that is, no article can say everything—and with its point of view, which is primarily sociological. As to the latter point, we are willing to admit that the sociological approach to contemporary American fiction is probably more appropriate to the subject than the purely literary approach, which might easily disclose more serious limitations, which would undoubtedly be less fertile in ideas, than the point of view from which Mr. Chamberlain writes.

His thesis is that American novelists of this decade have either failed to face, or been unsuccessful in facing, "the central problem of the 30s," which "is the relation of the individual to the mass. . . . Simply because the future is more opaque now than it was a generation ago it takes a very courageous novelist to grapple with the central problem. He must not only create his characters, he must invent the answers which alone can give their activities meaning. Some novelists duck the issue entirely by writing of parochial things. . . . Some novelists cease to write novels. . . . But three of our established novelists—Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, and John Dos Passos—have come to grips with the central issue. Their courage is commendable, even though all three of them fail in the final analysis."

The body of Mr. Chamberlain's chapter explores the reasons why "To Have and Have Not," "The Prodigal Parents," and "U. S. A." fall short of solving the problem. It would be unfair to attempt a foreshortening of Mr. Chamberlain's analysis; it is worth reading in his own words, and it seems to us unanswerable. Likewise, though in smaller compass, he has precisely defined the limitations of several other important novelists of the decade, notably James T. Farrell and the late Thomas Wolfe. There is material for argument in his remarks on established novelists like Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather; and in his cursory estimates of younger but considerable writers like Steinbeck and Faulkner, whom, indeed, he nearly leaves out of the discussion altogether. But for an explanation of the fact that "in general the proletarian movement in literature has aborted," Mr. Chamberlain has said what appears to be the last word.

However, in answering this question, Mr. Chamberlain has—perhaps unintentionally—raised a number of others, and we select two which seem most important. The first question arises from the phrase following the one we just quoted; the entire sentence reads, "But in general the proletarian revolution in literature has aborted, and we have had no other movement to take its place." Well, why should we? Is literature healthier for having a group of writers operating on the same platform? Is it impossible for a number of novelists to rise to eminence, each in his own way, without benefit of a common cause?

The answer is self-evident; and the fact is that in raising this question, Mr. Chamberlain has demonstrated one of the weaknesses of sociological criticism. It is interested in trends, not individuals; it can't see the trees for the woods. (Apparently God doesn't make trees, after all, but only combines them into forests.) In order to show the poor quality of the proletarian forest, Mr. Chamberlain decides that some of the most impressive trees on its borders really belong to some other territory. John Steinbeck, for example, who has written almost exclusively of proletarians, he mentions only incidentally as a "lesser ornament of our literature." Although Mr. Chamberlain likes "Tortilla Flat" and "In Dubious Battle," he goes on to say: "But I am one who thinks 'Of Mice and Men' is a phony. . . . An author can stand one 'Of Mice and Men,' but if Steinbeck continues to make tragedy out of involuntary knee jerks he will be lost." Now this seems, to say the least, imperceptive; it assumes that the tragedy in "Of Mice and Men" is the tragedy of the moron, Lennie, where in reality it is the tragedy of George, who felt responsible for Lennie. The quality of imagination in "Of Mice and Men" escaped the critic. The quality of imagination, perhaps because it is indefinable, usually eludes sociological analysis.

This explains why Mr. Chamberlain says little or nothing about other imaginative writers. Faulkner "has his points, but has not yet developed into a major artist." This is true in the absolute sense; but in relation to Mr. Chamberlain's subject, which is American fiction of the thirties, Faulkner is more important than that. Moreover, while Mr. Chamberlain mentions all the younger proletarians, Edward Dahlberg, Grace Lumpkin, Edwin Seaver, Leane Zugsmith, he says nothing whatever about the younger non-proletarians, such as James Gould Cozzens, Berry Fleming, and Paul Horgan, who are, we submit, incontestably superior to the comrades as novelists. A future generation might conceivably regard Robert Nathan's "One More Spring" as the best proletarian novel of the decade, but Mr. Chamberlain doesn't mention it.

The second general question arising from this discussion is whether or not a novelist is obliged to face the central issue of his times. Mr. Chamberlain demonstrates that those novelists who have faced it have done so unsuccessfully. But he seems to us to underestimate the importance of those who either have not faced it, or who have done so obliquely, through history. He devotes a paragraph to the historical novel of the thirties, but only to say that Stark Young and Margaret Mitchell are "escapists." Not a word about James Boyd, Hervey Allen, or Kenneth Roberts, who, although they write for a large audience, are neither primarily nor essentially "escapists." The success of these novelists in writing about the past, together with the failure of Lewis, Hemingway, and Dos Passos to grapple with the central problem of the present, seems almost enough evidence to indicate that the central problem of the present is not the novelist's meat, except in minor or isolated aspects. Why else did Tolstoy, who lived through the Crimean War, write his greatest novel about a war that took place sixteen years before his birth? Why else did Thackeray (1811-1863), who knew Victorian society, set the stage of "Vanity Fair" in his own infancy? Why else are eminent Frenchmen like Jules Romains and Roger Martin du Gard exploring modern society in terms of prewar France? Why else has Thomas Mann retreated into the abysses of Egyptian and Hebrew history to discover the origin of modern man? And, to put it in another and more familiar way, was Jane Austen an "escapist" because she lived through the Napoleonic Wars without writing of them?

The "central problem" of the present, "the relation of the individual to the mass," is material for sociologists, political scientists, and journalists; and novelists might do well to approach it obliquely, so that their novels will not be swamped in journalism. Conversely, a novelist who does not face the central problem is not necessarily an escapist. These seem to be the points of Mr. Chamberlain's excellent article, whether or not they were the points he intended to make.

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Letters to the Editor: *Literary Aspects of the League of Nations*

Books and the League

SIR:—There are not many people, who, amidst the excitement and confusion of an Assembly of the League of Nations, notice its literary aspects. There are many pro-Leaguers who continually draw one's attention to the success of the League as a social and technical organ of international coöperation, thus easing their consciences as to its failure as a political organ. But there have been few to congratulate those who are responsible for the literature of the League, those who have been attempting to contribute to the proper functioning of the League of Nations as an instrument of international government and who have tried at the same time to establish a new and international point of view in literary circles.

League literature divides itself easily into two categories. First there is the part that concerns itself with expediting the work of the League meetings: the daily journal, which summarizes the work of the preceding day and announces the agenda of the meetings of the day; the reports of the various sub-committees distributed in advance; and, most important, the reports of the various technical experts in the Secretariat which make possible the discussion of social and technical problems. Second, there are the books which explain the League and its purpose, and which are invaluable to any student of international politics or to the person who stops in to visit the sessions of the League to see what it is all about.

From time to time one of the League publications of a more serious nature catches the public interest, as have in the past year the report on the distribution of raw materials and that on world trade in 1937. But for the most part this League literature remains known only to those who attend the sessions of the League or to an extremely interested student of international affairs. Yet, it would be difficult, I believe, to overestimate this part of the functioning of the League of Nations. It is something permanent and tangible and has given the League roots which will be difficult to eradicate.

Last year Miss Vera Brittain wrote a very interesting article in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, entitled "Literature and World Peace." In it she stressed the importance of an impartial attitude in literature toward the great political and social problems of our day. It was a point well taken at a time when there was a great deal of literary propaganda being circulated, striving to influence people to take sides in the civil war in Spain, the war in China, or the approaching conflict between democracy and dictatorship.

It is probably owing to the fact that it is written by research experts that the literature published by the League of Nations seems to have achieved this impartiality, even in the books written to inspire an interest in the League itself. And despite the League's failure to deal with the international situation as it now exists, it is somewhat encouraging to the pessimistically inclined to feel that at some future date, when one is studying these troublous times of 1938 as the prelude to international anarchy or to a better world order, that no one will be able to say that the League has not made an honest effort to create a new world literature based on the international point of view and untainted by national bias.

LOUISE MORLEY.

Geneva, Switzerland.

"Oh, I'm fit as a fiddle, Doctor. I just called you in to autograph my copy of your book!"

"Pursuit of Happiness"

SIR:—Mr. Robert C. Brooks concludes his review of "Pursuit of Happiness" by Herbert Agar, in your issue of October 8, as follows:

> It is to be regretted that Mr. Agar did not extend his study to the present time, which would have permitted him to discuss the policies of President Roosevelt as fully as those of Jefferson and Jackson.

May I point out that Mr. Agar concluded his narrative just after the election of 1928 because he was writing history, not political journalism, and acted upon his belief that "a discussion of the New Deal, written today, can only be subjective comment without a full knowledge of the facts and their effects."

DALE WARREN.

Houghton Mifflin Co.
Boston, Mass.

"The Pump's Froze"

SIR:—In your issue of September 17th you printed my letter regarding "Mr. Weller's Pipe" in which "lighting his pipe from the ashes of the old one" seemed to me an insoluble mystery.

To my surprise and genuine enlightenment, I find in your issue of October 1st a letter from Mr. Joshua W. Smith explaining the trick; and another from Mr. W. H. Fetridge showing, but in an entirely different manner, how easily it was done.

However, as both letters concluded with a quite excusable satisfaction in having proved that Dickens "knew what he was talking about" and "was right once again," I should like to refer to the eighth chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby" wherein is described Nicholas's first day at that eminent seat of learning, Dotheboys Hall.

Mr. Squeers announced early that morning, "Here's a pretty go, the pump's froze." No water was available because of ice in the well. The ground was covered with snow. Under these arctic conditions Mr. Squeers was haranguing his school. "Where's the second boy?" he asked. "Please sir," replied a small voice, "he's weeding the garden."

Now *that* appears to be an authentic spot on the literary sun, and I am wondering whether among your talented and resourceful readers (including Messrs. Smith and Fetridge) there may be found one who can explain how *this* was done.

CHARLES A. AUSTIN.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Richest Man in Washington

SIR:—Readers of the SRL might be interested in a little item that appeared in the *Buffalo Express* on September 7, 1871:

> Walt. Whitman, on his salary of $1,600 a year as clerk in the office of the Attorney General, is said to be the richest man in Washington. The secret of it is, not that he has all he wants, but he never wants what he does not have.

ROBERT M. BOLTWOOD.

University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Justice Cardozo

SIR:—I am engaged in writing the biography of the late Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo, and should be very grateful to receive from friends and acquaintances of the Justice exact copies of his letters to them and personal reminiscences.

GEORGE S. HELLMAN.

331 W. 71st St.
New York City.

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Fascism—East and South

Japan in China

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN. By Amleto Vespa. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

UNTIL the horrors at Nanking were attested by missionary eyewitnesses, few Americans were willing to credit the degree of savagery exhibited by Japanese militarism in China since 1931. Informed observers were aware of the sufferings endured by the Manchurian people from Japanese rule, but this information never became generally known. An *exposé* of the Japanese system in Manchukuo, written by an Italian who acted for nearly five years as an official in its intelligence service, thus becomes a document of great historical importance. The fact that Mr. Vespa is a supporter of fascism and an admirer of Mussolini lends added weight to his evidence. An introductory note by Mr. H. J. Timperley, formerly correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in China, vouches for the authenticity of the author's revelations.

The personal history of Mr. Vespa is not the least interesting phase of his exciting narrative. In September 1920 he became an intelligence officer in Chang Tso-lin's service. When his efforts to stop the flow of illegal munitions imports into Manchuria from Italy raised difficulties with the Italian authorities, he became a naturalized Chinese citizen. As a result, the Japanese were able to force him to enter their own secret service early in 1932, on pain of threats to the safety of his wife and children. His escape to Shanghai was finally effected in September 1936, after the Japanese became aware of contacts he had maintained with Chinese guerrilla forces in Manchukuo. For six months he despaired of obtaining the release of his family, which was held as a hostage by the Japanese authorities. Eventually the Chinese guerrillas freed some Japanese prisoners in exchange for the release of his wife and children.

Only those who have talked with some of Japan's victims in Manchukuo can fully accept the picture which Mr. Vespa draws of conditions in that "independent" state. In stark horror, and in the almost unrelieved cynicism, savagery, and corruption of a military caste and its hangers-on, it recalls the worst practices of colonial exploitation in Africa. Mr. Vespa's main task involved control of the operations of Chinese bandit gangs—real bandits, not the Chinese guerrillas—who were utilized by the Japanese secret service for various purposes. These gangs wiped out Chinese or White Russian villages to make way for Japanese settlers, wrecked trains on the Chinese Eastern Railway before it passed into Japanese ownership, and created "incidents" on the Manchurian borders which were attributed to Soviet troops. Agents of Mr. Vespa also spied on the activities of the Japanese gendarmerie and other police forces in Manchukuo. These latter were the chief rivals of the Japanese military for the "spoils" of the Manchurian conquest. Japan's police and army units made a regular business of kidnapping wealthy Chinese and White Russians, and subjecting them to incredible tortures until sufficient ransom was paid. The police and their *ronin* hangers-on racketeered on an enormous scale in opium, prostitution, and gambling, and levied tribute of all sorts on legitimate Chinese businesses. Opposition meant arrest, torture—often death. In military operations, whole villages were laid waste, the men killed, and the Chinese and White Russian women used at will by the Japanese officers and soldiery.

Amleto Vespa in 1927

Especially illuminating is the record of some of Mr. Vespa's talks with his "chief," who vigorously asserted that the mission of the "chosen race" was to subjugate China, drive all white men from the East, and establish world dominion. The lies put out for foreign consumption were good-naturedly joked about among these Japanese officers. Their cleverness, however, did not match their brutality. Mr. Vespa carefully describes the measures adopted to hoodwink the Lytton Commission; when the Lytton Report was published, his "Chief" was summarily replaced. Japanese militarism has been scathingly denounced in the past, but no previous work has so convincingly revealed its actual lineaments and its threat to the rest of the world.

T. A. Bisson is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association. He has recently returned to America after a residence in Japan.

"Peaceful Penetration"

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR LATIN AMERICA. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

CARLETON BEALS shares with Samuel Guy Inman preëminence among American writers on Latin America. This timely book is his tenth within that vast field, not counting two novels and an autobiography dealing largely with Hispanic American experiences. The first half of this study is an excellent presentation of new material. It deals with the commercial and cultural invasions of the other Americas by Japan, Germany, Italy, Britain, Russia, and Spain. Four of these are marching triumphantly ahead. Only the British Lion is in retreat, and the Soviet effort is now negligible. Japanese sales are furthered by goods stamped "Made in USA", Usa being a Nipponese town rebaptized for an obvious purpose. German efficiency sends salesmen into remote jungles, leads them into social and cultural contact with natives which Mr. Beals contrasts with the inbred exclusiveness of the typical American colony in Latin American capitals. But conversely, he castigates the sinister effects of the Nazi hymns of hate and the injection of new poisons into regions traditionally tolerant. This campaign proceeds virulently by means of radio, press, subsidies, barter, and strong-arm methods. Mussolini's men have sold Peru their aircraft, trained its aviators, supplying perhaps five hundred war planes "within less than a day's flying from the Panama Canal."

"Fascism is at our door in bloody earnest," writes Beals, and its invasion of Latin America "has been carried out swiftly and brilliantly." Most interesting is that its greatest gains have been not on its Nazi or Italian fascist sectors, but through its Franco front—by way of rebel Spain. Mr. Beals affirms that peace or war in the Western hemisphere is more likely to be decided on Spain's battlefields than in Pan-American conferences, and that Franco's successes have gone far to consolidate the fascist forces in Latin America, because, obviously, the currents between Old and New World Hispanic cultures have been long established. Mr. Beals emphatically views our "neutrality" policy in Spain as helping fascism both there and in Latin America. He reiterates that its states are not democracies, and is highly critical of the illusion, propagated by American statesmen, that they are. That they are not democracies is correct; that dictatorships, varyingly ruthless or benign, operate under republican forms, is true. But his generalized denunciation of those governments as "run by cut-throat dictators" is not justified. It is cer-

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tainly not true of Alfonso Lopez of Colombia, of Lopez Contreras of Venezuela, of Arosemena of Panama. The fact is that among Latin-American people there is and has always been an underlying aspiration for freedom, which these very president-dictators are the first to recognize, as their efforts to demonstrate that they have popular support, reveal. Thus far, at least, with the exception of a brief totalitarian interlude in Paraguay, no president in Latin America has made a virtue of dictatorship, has deliberately, in European fascist style, denounced democracy. Mr. Beals elsewhere admits as much when he says that whenever the people of Latin America "have been given a chance to express their true opinions, they have indicated clearly that they have no sympathy for fascism, but desire more democracy and more liberty." Mr. Beals's objections notwithstanding, it is difficult to see, therefore, why the contrast between those common aspirations of the peoples of the Western Hemisphere (imperfectly realized, of course, even within our own United States) and the frankly boasted and deliberately undertaken destruction of all liberties in the totalitarian states, is not a proper subject for emphasis and a legitimate basis for a rapprochement between the Americas.

The second half of Mr. Beals's book deals largely with those relations, and here this reviewer must register considerable dissent. His criticism of much in our past policies is just, but his treatment of our subsequent attitude, our "good neighbor" policy, varies from cutting sarcasm to high praise, so that he can be quoted favorably or adversely. The result is not an average; it is a collection of nullifying contradictions.

Take his initial chapter "The Good Will Racket." He says: "No portion of the globe has endured the unasked good-will ministrations of righteous Americans more than Latin America. . . . Liberals, missionaries, concessionaires, newspapermen, bankers . . . students, women, pacifists, labor leaders, socialists" (he names thirty-five categories in all) "have flooded Latin America with saccharine words of friendship and this country with the *true* facts about our neighbors." Caustic irony this! But the cap fits no one quite so well as Mr. Carleton Beals himself. His final chapter, "What Does Latin America Want?," tells them and us what's what, discloses what they seek and should seek. But is the Beals medicine to be spewed out as "saccharine," or his efforts stigmatized as "a racket"?

There are a few factual errors. On the whole, however, this is a pretty good piece of combined factual and editorial journalism. It would be a better piece if Mr. Beals exhibited a little more tolerance and serenity, a little less assertiveness and asperity.

Ernest Gruening, director of the Division of Territory and Island Possessions, U. S. Department of the Interior, is the author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

Spaniard to the Marrow

GOYA. By Charles Poore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

BEFORE seeing Goya dismembered by specialists and his works isolated from their context under the microscope of research, both layman and student would do well to read this simpler and more broadly designed book by the assistant editor of the *New York Times Book Review*. It would have been easy to melodramatize the cape-and-sword aspects of Goya. Instead, Mr. Poore swiftly and reasonably tells the story of the painter's life, distinguishing between substantial fact and those charming inventions of the *leyenda Goyesca* that are "truer as atmosphere than as truth," and managing to do so without clusters of footnotes. Brief word-portraits bring Goya's sitters before us: Maria Luisa; her lover Godoy who "conducted his decisive campaigns on a field no larger than a counterpane"; the Duchess of Alba, whose importance in Goya's life is reduced to normal by her being confined to one chapter. Events like the Second of May, which became subjects for Goya's pictures, are described as vigorously as though they had taken place yesterday,—which, in a sense, they did, since Spanish history has repeated itself in rather literal fashion. The author's account of those years of famine and destruction from 1808 to 1814 which inspired the "Desastres de la Guerra," reads like a dispatch from this morning's *Times*.

Mr. Poore wastes few words on such hardy stereotypes as "Spanish individualism." He writes, "if Spaniards are individualists, so are the people of any other country under the sun. If they show it more it is because, in default of just governments, the individual has so often been forced to look to his own fists for survival. Civil disorder is a mark of desperation, not of exuberance." The pages of this book crackle with phrases as pat as they are witty. Mr. Poore describes the Bourbons as "those strange victims of technological unemployment." The later plates among Goya's "Caprichos" have a "surrealism that makes sense." In the painter's province of Aragon, "the people learn early to take bread from stones." Of Goya's teacher, the academic-classic Mengs, Mr. Poore says that he worked upon "the sort of antiquity-haunted principles art employs when, suffering from plastic anemia, it has least vitality and invention of its own." He adds, "naturally, we all learn from the past; but Mengs wanted to move into it." Goya's difficulties in painting horses are summed up by saying that the results were "more epic than hippic" and of Velasquez, it is remarked that he "gave all his Philips their look of poached nobility."

The author, whose admiration for Goya and whose decade of research have given such freshness and conviction to the book, would scarcely claim to supplant the numerous scholars who have gathered, during a century, the materials on which it is based. "Goya" best serves as introduction to the works of art themselves, because it helps one to understand the conditions in which they were produced, and the kind of man who produced them,—a man who was still creating masterpieces in his eighties. Mr. Poore's Goya is not the solitary genius

From Goya's "Disasters of the War." "The author's account of those years of famine and destruction from 1808 to 1814 . . . reads like a dispatch from this morning's *Times*" . . .

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existing in a vacuum, but always the man from Aragon, "a Spaniard to the very marrow and a man of his time as well as his race," whose present importance derives from his having lived, as we now live, in an epoch of revolution and reaction, and "dramatized the crucial confrontations that still shake civilization." When one reads that in 1823 the foreign Duke of Angoulême invaded Spain "to get back for Ferdinand the power to oppress his own people," the clear parallel between past and present gives point to Goya's own explanation of his motive for drawing the "Disasters of the War,"—"to have the pleasure of saying eternally to men that they stop being barbarians."

Oliver Larkin is on the faculty of art at Smith College.

American in Action

TOUCH'D WITH MADNESS. By Hilton Howell Railey. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IT gives one a slightly peculiar feeling to realize that the author of this book is probably a typical American. There is not an ounce of calm or consistency in 347 pages of him or the 24 years of life he describes. With five-minute intervals between metamorphoses, Captain Railey has been seaman, actor, reporter, crusader against graft, pacifist, crusader against venereal disease, militant patriot, publicity agent for Poland, anti-Semite (he later regretted this phase), promoter of charities, promoter of heroes real and heroes artificial, anti-Nazi because the Nazis were anti-Semites, investigator of the Panama Canal. On the heels of *Fortune's* stirring but inadequately informed exposé of the arms traffic, he bucked the munitions industries of Europe single-handed, found he was bucking the governments of Europe as well, and still might have succeeded (he discovered some perfectly hair-raising facts about who stirs up war-fevers over there), but for faulty staff work behind him. Yet the stupid misquotation of a reporter was enough to make him throw up one of the most important jobs he ever undertook, and he became an interne in a TERA camp.

The peculiarity about these urgencies of a spirit in search of the true God is that the spirit has been able to race off in any direction, with boundless energy and an utter conviction in the righteousness of the Cause. Europeans have observed this before as the outstanding American characteristic. If they are moralists, they consider it evidence of original depravity. If they are social thinkers, they consider that it bespeaks a lack of social consciousness.

Captain Railey is in the remarkable position of being able to demonstrate that better thinkers than he are wrong; for he is the first specimen of his species to become articulate, to be able to get into type the ardors of other years. The Vincent Sheeans, Walter Durantys, even the Hemingways, who superficially resemble him, think in European frames of reference—as their fiction shows. But the Captain remains resolutely American in all his reactions—for instance with regard to the munitions racket, which he treats as something the peoples of Europe would willingly stop if they knew about it.

In the end this raises to importance a book which has some considerable patches of mediocrity. He confounds the critics of the American spirit. For his observation is unerring, and observation is an intellectual function; his self-critical sense is developed to a high degree. And finally, his social consciousness is of the kind that instead of making speeches about peace, sends him forth to find out who will profit from wars.

There is somewhere here the making of a new American philosophy of action. Captain Railey is not the man to systematize that philosophy. He is too interested in what is going on in the engine-room to care what direction the ship's nose is pointing. But in a book which contains some very important facts, yet is more valuable for its implications than its data, he furnishes all of the background for such a synthesis, including the record of some terrific failures. For the failures are often more splendid than the successes.

Geraldine Farrar's Life Story

SUCH SWEET COMPULSION: The Autobiography of Geraldine Farrar. New York: The Greystone Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by IRVING KOLODIN

GERALDINE FARRAR'S autobiography is one of the most entertaining volumes of the kind that has recently appeared. To be sure, this is scarcely more than moderate praise, for the stacks of memoirs by such singers as Eames, Bispham, Claire Louise Kellogg, and the more recent Alda, comprise something less than a distinguished branch of literature. Farrar's book has little of the backbiting that ordinarily disfigures such writing (except for a covert reference to Mme. Alda - Gatti - Casazza as a "prima donna of secondary importance"); neither does she regard herself, in the manner of some prima donnas, as heaven-sent for the purpose of making popular such a sure-fire opera as "Butterfly" or "Bohème." She is content to accept herself as an American girl, born in the quiet little town of Melrose, Mass., who was gifted with a pleasant voice, devoted parents, kind friends, skillful teachers, and the opportunities to make of her life a satisfyingly successful thing. With these facts, and her elaboration of them, no one can cavil.

News Pictures, Inc.
Geraldine Farrar

There is one phase of the book, however, which is a constant irritation. This consists of the four sections attributed to the spirit voice of her mother (who died in 1923), in which Farrar's activities are described in the third person, with references to "Geraldine's modesty," her "sweet disposition," her "tact," and her "wisdom." It is not my intention to contest the sincerity of Farrar's belief in spiritual communication, but the effect on this reader was to break the continuity of the story, and shift the emphasis through a stagey and unreal device.

It would be easy to conceive of a book written by a singer of Farrar's background with the period in which she flourished more thoroughly documented, the personalities with whom she came in contact more brilliantly illuminated. However, it has not been her choice, or perhaps it was not within her capacity, to write that kind of book. She has chosen instead to write in rather complete detail of the environment in which she was reared, to tell of the persons and places that were more than incidents in her professional life, to explain in rather lengthy detail the intricacies of her unfortunate marriage to Lou Tellegen. I would have relished more discussion of her Metropolitan career and less of her experiences in the early Hollywood, for one is as continuingly alive as the other is irrevocably dead.

It is also a pity that Farrar did not give us the final, the definitive version of her famous rehearsal encounter with Toscanini (in which the conductor rebuked the singer's contention that she was "a star" and hence to be deferred to, with the reply "the only stars are in heaven"). She inferentially accepts identification with this immortal legend, but does not clarify, as only she could, the circumstances.

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BOOK PREVIEW*

Tales of a Wayward Inn*

BY FRANK CASE

Courtesy of Ballyhoo

The Algonquin; drawing by Jack Flaherty

Two Kinds of Guests

YOU will notice if you keep a hotel that the demands of your guest are in inverse proportion to the rate he pays. The guest—I wish there were another name to designate a hotel customer or patron—the guest who selects the rooms he wants, accepts the price quoted, and settles down to peace and quiet, will ask little or nothing over and above the regulation service. And more than likely you will never have occasion to look at his account, for he will do business with the cashier.

On the other hand, the guest who dickers for a special rate because his business is bad, or because he knows important people, or because he is going to bring a lot of customers to your hotel, will run you ragged. He has given you a hint at the start that he likes to get more than he pays for, and he is willing to devote a good share of his waking hours to that pursuit. His name will be on your desk frequently in connection with a past-due bill.

I use the masculine pronoun for convenience and for the sake of gallantry. As examples of the former, there are guests who have lived here permanently for ten, fifteen, even twenty years, and people who do not live here but who have patronized the restaurant for as long a time, or transient guests who return to us year after year, without my ever having occasion to know anything about their bills. They are paid so automatically that we never discuss them. You may be sure, though, that we know who the elect are.

The man who is not going to pay his bill and the man who asks to have a check cashed, knowing that it is not good, are as easy to identify as a zebra. The marks stick out all over them. First they are woefully lacking in originality: one story is exactly like another. Every credit man listens to recitals so familiar to him that he could finish them himself after he hears the opening sentences. Genuine distress is always honest and convincing and usually meets with sympathy, but the story of the defection of the U. S. mails, the letter containing check going astray, the carelessness of the home office over financial details, the treasurer of the company away on vacation, and dozens of similar tales, are as familiar as the story of Santa Claus or the story of the stork, and as worthy of belief but not nearly so charming.

A hotel man is wary, too, of the stranger who wants to cash a check a few minutes after twelve o'clock Saturday noon, and especially wary when the following Monday is a holiday. This buccaneer comes to the cashier's window at five minutes after twelve on Saturday. He has walked over from his place of business, passing his own bank on the way; but if this is called to his attention by the cashier's remarking, "This check is drawn on the Fifth Avenue Bank (or the Guaranty Trust). You just came by there. Why didn't you stop and cash it there?" he is offended. Since hotels do not prosper by offending people, the man at the desk has to pretend, apologize, and in general play the hypocrite—which is all wrong.

Admiral Schley

One day in 1911 a guest of the Algonquin rushed in excitedly reporting that a man had dropped dead in 44th Street near the corner of Fifth Avenue.

"Nobody appears to know him, but I think he lives here at your hotel!"

Running quickly up the block I found I was not quick enough; the body, for lack of identification, had been taken to the police station. The station had a small back yard and there on a stretcher under a rough blanket I found Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U.S.N. The hero of Santiago Bay, the destroyer of the Spanish Fleet, the commander of the successful relief expedition that found and rescued Greeley in the Arctic—a man who had touched glory and known the heights of fame—had lain for nearly an hour in the back yard of a dingy police station as unknown as a tramp. My identification of course brought quick action; the body was returned to the hotel, the family notified, and the Admiral's death was followed by glowing obituaries, columns in the newspapers, and suitable observances by his country.

Many pleasant evenings I had spent with the Admiral, listening to his accounts of his Arctic adventures. I do not remember that he ever talked of the Spanish War and the defeat of Cervera's fleet, but the Arctic was a favorite topic with him and a fascinating one to me. When I think of him I always think of an evening when I was sitting with him at dinner, and Mrs. Schley, pouring his coffee, asked, "How many lumps, dear?" "After forty years?" said the Admiral.

Singers and Actors

Olive Fremstad lived at the Algonquin when she was studying the role of Kundry in "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan, and sent for me one day to say she had to sing for hours in preparation for the performance and feared she might be annoying others in the hotel. "Yes, it's terribly annoying," I told her; "come out in the hall and I'll show you." Three separate doors to three apartments were open and on a chair in each doorway sat a hotel guest having a grand time listening to his own private opera.

When Elsie Janis was getting ready to appear in a musical show later to score a big hit on Broadway, a young man used to come in almost every day to play the piano for her and help her rehearse her songs. He was a nice, mannerly young fellow, to whom I would give a casual hello, neither polite nor rude, just casual, for he was no one in particular. To-day when I read "Present Indicative" and

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents excerpts from "Tales of a Wayward Inn," by Frank Case, proprietor of the Hotel Algonquin, a favorite resort in New York of writers and actors. "Tales of a Wayward Inn" will be published in November by Stokes.*

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learn that at that very time he was living in a borrowed flat in the Village, struggling with a gas stove, I wish I had been a little nicer to Noel Coward. Even with my money in my hand, I can't get to the box-office window to buy seats in the eighteenth row for his plays. . . .

The Round Table

The Round Table flourished during the days when none of the boys or girls had yet done anything in particular; they were the hopefuls of the future. I may have been more than a little simple and innocent, for I had no idea that this little knot of young people were so soon to play an important part in the world of books and in the theater. They were just a crowd of unusually agreeable folk, none of whom had any money (there was more than one guest in the Algonquin whose single account would total more in a week than the whole Table together), but they were more welcome, more appreciated than any of the big money guests.

In 1918, and for some years after, F.P.A. was the big man of the group. Not only had he a larger salary than any of the others, but he had a column that could bestow fame on any one good enough to land in it, and the standard was high. A contribution had to be pretty good to have F.P.A. print it in the *Conning Tower*.

Woollcott was fairly well known, but became more widely known when the *Times* was sued on account of a review he had written. The lawyer who defended the suit for the *Times* was the father of Robert Nathan, who was then working for an advertising agency and was later to write such delightful books as "One More Spring" and "Winter in April." The fact that Robert Nathan now lunches daily at the Algonquin gives me pleasure in more ways than one; I never mind seeing the old order change when the new one is just as good.

George S. Kaufman, in the Round Table days, was with the *Times*, drawing probably four thousand a year and living in a very nice but modest apartment on the West Side, where any one could, and many did, get a good dinner when funds were low. George probably fed more of the crowd at dinner than I did at lunch. Pretty soon George and Marc Connelly wrote "Dulcy," which started them going and they have never stopped. Incidentally, the fastest piece of work ever done in the Algonquin—perhaps anywhere—was done by Marc in suite 1105 when he wrote the banquet scene for "Beggar on Horseback," starting at eight o'clock one evening and delivering the work at eleven the same night complete.

Heywood Broun was dramatic critic on the *Tribune*, also now and then covering big sports events, championship fights, and an occasional National Convention. Robert Benchley was theater critic for *Life* and the well beloved of the whole group.

And there were Peggy Leech, Jane Grant, Beatrice Kaufman, and the baby of the gathering, Margalo Gillmore, who sat wide-eyed and terribly impressed by these brilliant grown-ups. The hotel was sort of a second home to Margalo, independent of the Round Table, for when she had her first part in the theater and was rehearsing, her mother had instructed her that when she couldn't get home for lunch she was to go nowhere but the Algonquin where she was known and would be looked after.

Harold Ross, it seems to me, was a sort of adopted child, taken in on approval before the final papers were signed and making good to such a degree that he soon had all of them working for him, or trying to, on *The New Yorker*.

It was Gertrude Atherton who first called this crowd The Sophisticates. Other people called them many things, one of the politer designations being Log-Rollers. Far from being log-rollers, they always seemed to me to take particular joy in criticizing each other, in and out of print, and whenever one of them wrote a book or a play or produced a play, he could be pretty sure that his severest reviews would come from his luncheon pals.

The ladies, as ever more constant than man, still furnish daily decoration for the dining-room: Margalo, Edna Ferber (handsome in her becoming aureole), Dorothy Parker, Jane Grant. While the Round Table, like the Amen Corner, has faded, yet it shows signs of a sturdy new growth like an asparagus bed in the spring. Arthur Kober, Bela Blau, John Byram, Orson Welles, Dennis King, Dick Rodgers, James Thurber, Lorenz Hart, Richard Aldrich, John Krimsky, Wolcott Gibbs, Russell Maloney, St. Clair McKelway, hearty-perennial Owen Davis and the rising tide of Davises (I could go on forever), don't sit at any particular table, but they are all there nearly every day, and it is always an exciting thought to me that my hotel and I have known what are really two generations of writers and actors.

The Restricted Shelf

(*Continued from page* 4)

of the study. The books had a good deal of wear but I didn't hide them. The better thing to do seemed to me to give the children under my care a sufficiently broad reading so that the knowledge which came from those books—or from such stories as "Sanctuary" later on—would be in proper proportion. One can always make other reading a prerequisite for books which might throw the thoughts out of balance, if a given situation can be given enough attention.

This, it seems to me, is the place at which the restricted shelf could really function instead of merely hide. Here is the chance of censorship not to close the gates of reading but to open them, instead of making people peer through the cracks in the fence and get a limited view. The restricted shelf should be a definite part of book selection.

Reading may not carry over into conduct, but it often does carry over into fixations, into prejudices, and into definite limitations of knowledge. From a story of sex adventure like "Serenade" a young reader may, unless he extends his knowledge, get the idea that most young people are impious, that they drink all the time, that they are never shy of approach. From "Imperial City," which is undoubtedly a true picture of part of New York, the provincial reader gets no idea of the thousands of New York people who go home on trains to the simplest of suburban lives every night. From "Appointment in Samarra" the New Yorker, on the other hand, gets no proper notion of the Middle West Country Club. He ought to begin his knowledge of Middle West life by reading "What People Said," or "The Great American Novel."

All educators know that if the mind is not to be jumbled, it must take its knowledge in a certain order. Anyone familiar with college catalogues knows that in the great universities the closest attention is given to the prerequisites for each course. You cannot understand higher mathematics without a preliminary course. You cannot take an advanced course in history without a number of precedent studies. This principle should extend to fiction, to stories of sex, descriptions of intricate human passion. Some people, because of youth and inexperience, or because of lack of education, may not be ready for them.

"It is not literature that confuses but the fact that the easily confused are able to read," writes Jonathan Daniels, and a statement was never made that was more applicable to the problems of a public library and the actual opportunity of a restricted shelf. If the restricted shelf cannot be abandoned, and fear of aldermen will take care of that for a while, the shelf should be made useful. It should not be a patchwork of prejudices but a shelf containing books for which some prerequisite of reading is necessary. This is done for people who are lucky enough to have care given to their private education. It should be done for those dependent on public education in so far as it is possible.

Any librarian knows what this means. It means having a restricted shelf that isn't an untidy mess. It means training readers' guides among the librarians. It means many branches of libraries, so that the librarians may know the patrons. It means advancing toward the end to which good libraries work, making librarians not custodians but public educators.

And if censorship would properly defend this last stand, it might have a chance to lose its harsh name and blend with education. We might take the bad name from the dog and not have to hang him.

Margaret Culkin Banning is a contributor to many of the large circulation magazines. Her latest novel is "Too Young to Marry."

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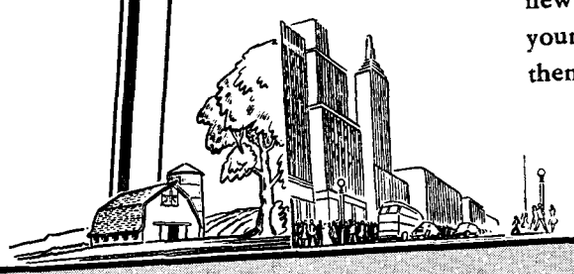

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CHAPEL HILL

Century of Publishing

AN AMERICAN READER. Edited by Burton Rascoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS centennial collection of the American writings published by G. P. Putnam's Sons begins with an interesting preface by Burton Rascoe on the early American publishing whose traditions and practices the Putnams inherited and advanced, the list of authors they have helped to fame or at least to a good reputation. Irving, of course, is their star; indeed the story of how this publishing firm picked up his waning fortunes and established him is well known.

But there are plenty of other stars and starlets—some dimmed, some still bright—in Mr. Rascoe's selections; and his idea of arranging them chronologically from first to last under headings such as History, Period Pieces, Essays, Poems, Fiction, and Adventure, makes comparison of the ten decades in the century easy and interesting.

Here are the makers of the nation, Paine, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton. Here are Cooper, Melville, Thoreau, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell from *Putnam's Magazine*. Here is that early columnist, with a social conscience, George William Curtis, a good writer but a little too genteel. Here are Lucy Audubon and Donald Culross Peattie, both of whom wrote about the former's husband. Here are Parkman and Theodore Roosevelt; Paul Elmer More and James McNeill Whistler; Charles A. Lindbergh and Richard E. Byrd—good pairs for reading in contrast. Here is Poe's "Raven" and Lowell's "Fable for Critics"—"naturals" both for a publisher. Here are John Dewey and Josiah Royce to make weight, and George S. Chappell to reduce it. And among names that should be better known than they are today, Emily James Putnam and Frederick Law Olmsted.

It is proof both of the age of this new country and the vitality of the American contribution to letters that one publisher can show upon his lists so various and distinguished a company. What other American industry can show a continuous performance of such merit and variety? And note that in this list at least eleven acknowledged masterpieces of our literature are represented in whole or in part:—"The Federalist," "The Winning of the West," "The Oregon Trail," "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," "Knickerbocker's History of New York," "A Fable for Critics," "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," "The Raven," "Leaves of Grass," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "In the Midst of Life." And Melville and Henry James are runners-up with less than the best of their work.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRENT INTERVENES *E. C. Bentley* (Knopf: $2.)	Twelve short stories ranging from slick swindling to diabolic murder solved laconically by urbane Philip Trent.	To say that Trent in small pieces is as excellent as Trent entire is recommendation enough.	Pastiche de luxe
FILE ON CLAUDIA CRAGGE *Q. Patrick* (Morrow: $2.25.)	Widow of rich philanthropist slain at seance on eve of distributing legacy among relatives. T. Trant of N. Y. homicide squad spots killer.	What with ingeniously contrived spooks, technical data on photography and hematology, plus usual Crimefile gadgetry, this holds interest.	Very good
THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE *S. S. Van Dine* (Scribner's: $2.)	Murder of busboy in N. Y. restaurant precipitates series of crimes, in solving which P. Vance gets assistance of Gracie Allen.	Role of humorist fits Van Dine, who ingeniously adapts George Burns and nitwit Gracie to purposes of story.	Entertaining
THE MYSTERY OF THE HUSHING POOL *J. S. Fletcher* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Long absent heir to impoverished English title returns well-heeled and pronto vanishes — with murder suspected. Friend takes up search.	No special mystery and villain is apparent from start but for background, action, and suave handling it's good, sub-superlative Fletcher.	Agreeable
THE CASE OF THE LEANING MAN *Christopher Bush* (Holt: $2.)	Old actor poisoned in London alley. Indian potentate punctured in swank hotel. Ludovic Travers connects two killings with fatal results.	Although on 2 points—1 major, 1 minor—observant reader may outguess curiously dense Mr. Travers, story moves along quite pleasantly.	Standard Brand

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Jackson, Tyler, and the Bank

DEMOCRACY IN THE MAKING. The Jackson-Tyler Era. By Hugh Russell Fraser. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. FRASER has a curious title and sub-title for a rather curious book. Perhaps democracy was "in the making" between 1834 and 1845, but we usually think of its genesis as a little earlier. And the "Jackson-Tyler era" couples two men who had many and powerful differences, and seem rather to have belonged to two political eras than to have united in making one. They were totally different in temper and tastes. Jackson was a Democrat and a nationalist; Tyler was nominally a Whig and wholly a State Rights man. They differed sharply on most public questions. Tyler condemned Jackson's high-handed course in Florida. He disliked Jackson's policy toward South Carolina in Nullification days, at least in its later phases. He sided with the United States Bank when Jackson removed the deposits, and voted for Clay's resolution censuring Jackson's acts. Indeed, he resigned from the Senate rather than obey the command of his State Legislature to support the expunging of that resolution from the journal. When he became President neither Jackson nor Van Buren recognized him as of his party or political school. Jackson's "era" was that of the emergence of Western and Southern democracy to power; Tyler's "era," memorable for his annexation of Texas, was that of the definite emergence of slavery as the pressing national issue. Of course the two men held some tenets in common. But one can as logically speak of the Wilson-Hoover Era as of the Jackson-Tyler Era.

The binding cord of the book, the element which gives it unity, is the history of the first United States Bank; that is, of the effort first to preserve it, and then to resuscitate it. Mr. Fraser regards it as a money-monster, representing in part the corrupt ambition of that scoundrel Nick Biddle, and in part the grasping and tyrannical tendencies of Eastern plutocracy, which had to be struck down and buried before freedom was safe in America. That, at least, is the impression one gains from his vigorous and highly-colored series of scenes showing the bloated octopus at work, and the heroes of the people laboring to slay it. It was, of course, Andrew Jackson who struck down the terrible beast; it was Tyler who, realizing belatedly but clearly how wise Jackson had been, forbade all attempts at a revival and placed the carcass safely underground. In the pages of Claude G. Bowers's "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," a book to whose method and temper Mr. Fraser owes much, Biddle and the Bank were depicted as sufficiently horrific. But here they appear in all their ogreish terror. New allegations are offered on the activities of Biddle as bribery. Mr. Fraser describes how, when Tyler vetoed the bill for a "fiscal corporation," Congress made war on him; how Daniel Webster stuck loyally to his side, and how they worsted the Bank's desperate supporters. With a vivid description of the abortive attempt of John Minor Botts—a tool of the Bank crowd—to impeach Tyler, the book closes in a blaze of fireworks.

The volume comes highly recommended. The present reviewer can say that those who read it will get their full money's worth in entertainment and sensation. The descriptions of social life in Washington and Williamsburg, à la Bowers, are good chromo-pieces. The dramatic scenes are almost incessant. The dialogues are numerous, spirited, and frequently with some historical basis; though a number, like that in which Jackson expounds the reasons why the battle of New Orleans saved Arkansas from British annexation, even though the Treaty of Ghent had already been signed, seem decidedly overdone. But it is all nevertheless a bit confusing, this narrative of the "Jackson-Tyler era." Many readers will have difficulty, after finishing Mr. Fraser's cinematographic version of the period, in assorting their impressions and getting a logical, connected view of the decade. And those who consult some more sober, careful, and judicious treatise, written with less of histrionics and more of cold history, will find themselves wondering if the Bank is not made a bit too awful and if the author has not given an oversimplified and a distorted view of the period.

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Cassandra of the House of Commons

WHILE ENGLAND SLEPT. A Survey of World Affairs, 1932-1938. By Winston S. Churchill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THE Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, C.H., M.P., is a phenomenon of British politics without parallel in the United States. Among American statesmen of recent decades, probably only Theodore Roosevelt has shown similar capacity for both military and political leadership and equal robustness of mind and pen; while only Senator Borah can present a corresponding record of political independence, oratorical effectiveness, and unceasing opposition to the executive in power. Even in British politics Mr. Churchill is *sui generis*. His brilliance, versatility, and unpredictability seem to belong to another century, before the perfection of party machinery and cabinet domination. Never a prime minister himself, Mr. Churchill for thirty years has been the gadfly of prime ministers—Conservative, Liberal, Socialist, and Coalition.

This collection of addresses, delivered in the House of Commons during the past six years, reveals the fundamental consistency in Mr. Churchill's views on foreign affairs. As a thoroughgoing imperialist, he favors whatever policy and weapon will most effectively protect the British Empire. In the first decade after the World War, Mr. Churchill regarded the Soviet Union as a dangerous enemy of the Empire; in the second decade, he feared—long before many of his fellow citizens—a resurgent Germany. Before the rise of Hitler, he distrusted the League of Nations, because its program of disarmament would inevitably weaken France; in recent years, he has eloquently championed the League, because its system of collective security would safeguard Britain and its possessions. Throughout the post-war period, Mr. Churchill has been the unrelenting advocate of larger armaments for Britain; since 1935, he has successfully demanded coördination of the defense services, increased production of military airplanes, and reorganization of the Air Ministry. As Cassandra of the Commons, Mr. Churchill anticipated long ago the Anglo-German crisis which arose this summer.

For anyone interested in British foreign policy or in one of its most vigorous exponents, this volume will prove of considerable value. Mr. Churchill's son, Randolph S. Churchill, edited the forty or more speeches, and divided them into three sections, suggestively entitled "Germany Disarmed," "Germany Rearming," and "Germany Armed." The American reader, although he may be occasionally bored by details and repetitions, cannot fail to be impressed by the intelligence and forcefulness of the speaker, or amused by his wit and sarcasm, as in the famous description of Premier Ramsay MacDonald: ". . . he has, more than any other man, the gift of compressing the largest number of words into the smallest amount of thought."

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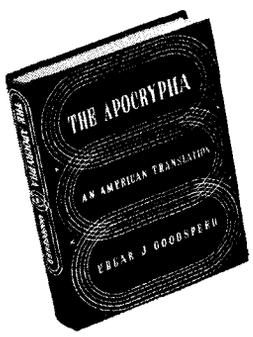

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What Happened to Saugersville

AT MIDNIGHT ON THE 31ST OF MARCH. By Josephine Young Case. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE family of the author of this narrative poem has lived and farmed in the same upstate New York village for something on two hundred years. The Saugersville of the poem is just such a community. Mrs. Case has made a most exciting and interesting premise, that on a certain date (see title) the village of Saugersville experiences complete darkness, and finds next day not merely that the electric power has been shut off, but that actually all vestiges of human life and habitation have disappeared from around the completely isolated village—no longer are there any other towns, railroads, or signs of civilization, only the encroaching forest. The body of the poem relates what then ensues, how people manage to get along, how this isolation affects them; it treats of love and death and the changes brought about in human lives. The year ends with John Herbert, who started the poem, musing upon the possibility of the approaching 31st of March bringing back former conditions, and all the intermediate time proving to have been but a dream or a nightmare.

Certainly a concept with great possibilities! The community is forced to become self-supporting. Pioneer conditions return. The contrast between the kind of country life that seems normal today, and small community life as it was, is well shown. Two criticisms spring to the mind. First, that Mrs. Case's handling of her blank verse, the medium she has elected, does not succeed in avoiding monotony; second, that while certain lives remain memorable, the full significance of such a communal situation, in the light of modern times, does not seem realized. In detail, in understanding of the people, in atmosphere and background, Mrs. Case has created an authentic picture, full of the strength and weakness of humanity, and true to locality. It is simply that the idea with which she started is so highly original and full of potentialities that one expected a more profound unfolding of the general situation. The writing of the verse is direct and honest, occasionally rising into poetry. We shall watch the developing imagination of this author.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 239)

MICHAEL DRAYTON:

NOAH'S FLOOD

The trees dropt honey, and the springs gusht milk: . . .
No little shrub but it some gum let fall
To make the clear air aromatical;
Whilst to the little bird's melodious strains
The trembling rivers tript along the plains.

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Domestic Essays

SIX ROOMS MAKE A WORLD. By Gove Hambidge. New York: Whittlesey House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

GOVE HAMBIDGE'S spider "let himself down from the ceiling like an inquiring necromancer," and Gove Hambidge does similarly, to look through his attic window and down the hill at the world. He spins fine, friendly prose of what he sees, and one hopes for rich conclusions to be entrapped in it—for his attitudes are admirable—but it seems at last that he has done a lot of spinning to no great end. His previous book on country living had charm and sense in it; this too has both, but its sense will be in no way novel to most of us, however charmingly shown.

These zigzagging essays concern all the implications of home as Mr. Hambidge perceives them. Each room, indeed, makes a world for him. There is the modern kitchen, "a vestige like the human appendix . . . many a woman would like to have the thing excised entirely"; the bedroom, a modern notion too, since most primitives have little urge to utter privacy; the attic, where you can sort conclusions; the living room, where friends do tell you how to live; and the children's room, which is most personally yours.

From each of these the author has projected a sane inquiry as to its ambiance. Writing in the third person he considers the life and problems of Angus and Marya, their marriage first, when they began to "embroider their hillside tree by tree," then the birth of the children, which raised the question for Marya of a career versus motherhood, with the statistical sop that the majority of housewives are not gainfully occupied, and that, since 1870, this proportion has not varied by more than six-tenths of one per cent during any decade. As for the children, Angus felt that parents should keep open "the avenues of doubt and criticism and rebellion that the schools tend to close." His own problem and the great one of the world, he felt, was one of leisure; and the friends who discussed the means towards it in his living room, from every political perspective, helped make concrete his belief that it might only be obtained, along with economic equilibrium, when society coöperatively controlled its means of production. There was something to be said, too, for that remark of his Evolutionary Radical: Democracy is like Christianity—it has been talked about a great deal but never really tried."

This is the burden of the book, and one that has been shifted from shoulder to malcontent shoulder since the first panic of Karl Marx. It has no novelty here. Nor should Mr. Hambidge's poetic prose be spent to avow that we'll always have war, that our best friends are queer, and that monogamy is the best policy. Those of his essays are best which tell of his own relation to home and wife and children, though he blunders strangely in his little fable of love-making. The sentiment of the wood nymph Erithreia discovering her uses is sweet enough, but her instruction by Pan is physiologically mistaken; and it is objectionable here because it seriously attempted to cure an extensive ill of marriage by very local treatment. "Making love to a woman is much more complicated than making love to a wood nymph," Mr. Hambidge avers. His own love, which he has described excellently before, is for the wood nymph's land, and he should leave the political sirens alone. His book deserves, I think, reviewing at this length because of the considerable beauty in the style of it and the quality of Angus, Gove Hambidge, the common man.

Russian in Mississippi

THE LAND IS LARGE. By Emerson Waldman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is an honest, carefully done novel which manifests considerable industry and a certain amount of talent on the part of its author. A selection of The Discoverers, it finds itself in good company, and as a first published work of fiction, marks Mr. Waldman as a young man worth watching.

The story is based upon the life of a Russian Jew named Duvid ben Gabriel, who becomes David Gabrielson after his arrival in this country as a refugee from persecution in his native Pultava. Leaving his family, consisting of a young second wife with whom he is very much in love, he sets sail for New York, where he becomes a peddler; but it is Mississippi, a wide, free land he has heard of back home, that is the center of his hopes and dreams.

So he moves his peddling operations south and by the hardest kind of self-sacrificing effort saves enough money to buy a cotton plantation. In time he builds his house and sends for his family; the details of his upward climb have the air of authenticity, and his relations with the natives in Mississippi are done with fine accuracy.

Almost to the end of the book, Mr. Waldman's interest seems to center in David's own hard and successful struggles, but at the last he introduces a new element by having David's eldest son, a "go-getter" who likes American ways, turn oppressor to a black man, and the lesson seems to be no more than that "the more it changes, the more it is the same thing."

The sudden introduction of this thesis gives the novel a twist for which the reader is hardly properly prepared, and the thesis itself is not fresh enough to justify all that has gone before. This is a structural fault, in addition to the fact that David and the other characters are entirely static throughout, and do not live with sufficient strength in their own right.

Mr. Waldman writes well enough. But Jewish readers who might have been interested in David's experiences for their own sake will, I believe, be displeased with the ending, and others may feel its weakness of characterization too much to make it a source of any great pleasure.

Familiar Vertebrates

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. By Joseph W. Lippincott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THIS book belongs to the large and pleasant but hardly important or imperishable class of "ramble" works. "My Rambles with Birds," "Our Four-footed Friends," and the like, are type species of the sort of book, like this one, which is agreeable enough to read rapidly, but contains nothing not familiar to any amateur. The subject is the common, but mightily important one of the small vertebrates of our countryside—mostly mammals, and a few game birds, birds of prey, and larger reptiles. It is no reproach to Mr. Lippincott that he has chosen very familiar vertebrates; on the contrary, this is all to his credit; the tremendous significance of the commonplace is something that needs to be brought out.

But Mr. Lippincott does not bring out this significance. Again and again, in telling us matters of commonest observation about bats and field mice, for instance, he neglects to tell the really wonderful and meaningful things. The author's facts are correct enough, and his style clear, but he has no zest, no tingle, no color.

A Tip:

for "first nighters" of books that hundreds read later:

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The New Books

Biography

LILLIAN WALD: NEIGHBOR AND CRUSADER. By R. L. Duffus. Macmillan. 1938. $3.50.

In this finely appreciative biography the author sets out, first, to paint a portrait of Miss Wald, conveying to the reader a clear sense of this "radiant, humorous, infectious, dynamic personality" with its "blending of love, imagination, common sense, tenacity, and executive ability." Secondarily, for setting and understanding, he shows us also the America of her time, the best things that Americans have done in this period, things that "are a challenge to the new barbarian invasion that has conquered half the world."

Thus the book is the story of a woman who was described on one public occasion as "social worker, nurse, and publicist, founder of Henry Street Settlement and of the visiting nurse system which bears its name, and originator of the Federal Children's Bureau and of the municipal school nurse," and who participated in the great liberal and humanitarian movements of her day. It is also the story of a whole period of awakening to the possibilities of genuine democracy in America and of world democracy, and of efforts to realize these possibilities.

This is an appropriate time to read the life of this woman who in 1893 moved into a tenement on the lower East Side of New York City to offer her services as nurse and friend to "an alien group in a so-called democratic community," and who remained there the rest of her active life "at home on Henry Street," ready, like a fireman or a doctor, to answer a call for help by day or by night. It is timely to read how the efforts of one individual reached out from a neighborhood to a city, to a nation, to the world. There is tonic for defeatism and tired liberalism in the story of so valiant a crusader for justice, for tolerance, for peace.

R. G. F.

Fiction

WAIT UNTIL SPRING, BANDINI. By John Fante. Stackpole. 1938. $2.50.

Surprisingly little fiction has been based on some of the elements which have gone into the American melting pot. In writing about an Italian family in a Colorado town John Fante has touched on a fresh theme, and one that he must know well. His own parents are Italian and he was born in Denver.

With such an opportunity it is too bad that his book does not amount to more. Three of the five Bandinis, Svevo, the father, Maria, the mother, and Arturo, the oldest of their three sons, are drawn with understanding and tenderness. But it is only young Arturo whom we actually see in contact and conflict with the new world to which his parents came. His mother scarcely leaves the house, his father becomes far less convincing once he appears apart from his family.

"Wait until Spring, Bandini" is both short and slight. It has very little plot and would have been better without any; the one dynamic episode is an affair between Svevo and a rich American widow and it is not so much incredible as unconvincing. The rest of the book is no more than an extended sketch, interesting because it pictures a kind of life new to most of us. Only Arturo, with his passion for baseball, his religious impatience and superstition, and his loyalties divided between his mother and father, is completely in focus. For the rest, there is the charm of novelty and a pleasant, facile gift of characterization, but not much else.

W. S.

THOSE FIRST AFFECTIONS. By Dorothy Van Doren. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.50.

Dorothy Van Doren has set down, with painstaking sincerity, the days and years in the life of Sarah Tower, between 1902 when Sarah was six, and 1910 when she was (inevitably enough) fourteen. The setting is vaguely Brooklyn, the atmosphere pre-jazz. The Tower family start in suburban affluence and end in rooming-house poverty, Papa being the first of the brilliant pre-war jobless and Mama one of the first gallant pre-war women wage earners. Mrs. Van Doren has shunned sensationalism, has noted domestic detail on domestic detail, has created characters of staunch fineness in the face of any number of obstacles. The result is that "Those First Affections" is as honest as a slice of yesterday's bread without butter, and twice as dull.

The Tower family are close relatives of the Five Little Peppers. But even a young reader would want to know, for example, just what some of the brilliant things were that Papa said. It is not enough to be told that "he criticized the brushes and broom, called them comical names, made up make-believe swear words . . . composed an ode as he went along." Sarah, Mrs. Van Doren tells us, laughed so hard during this scene that she could hardly attend to her duties. Which might well be: Sarah was there at the moment, but the reader never is. There is not a living person in the book, though there are any number of external sketches from which people might be developed. Nothing happens, though something always seems about to happen.

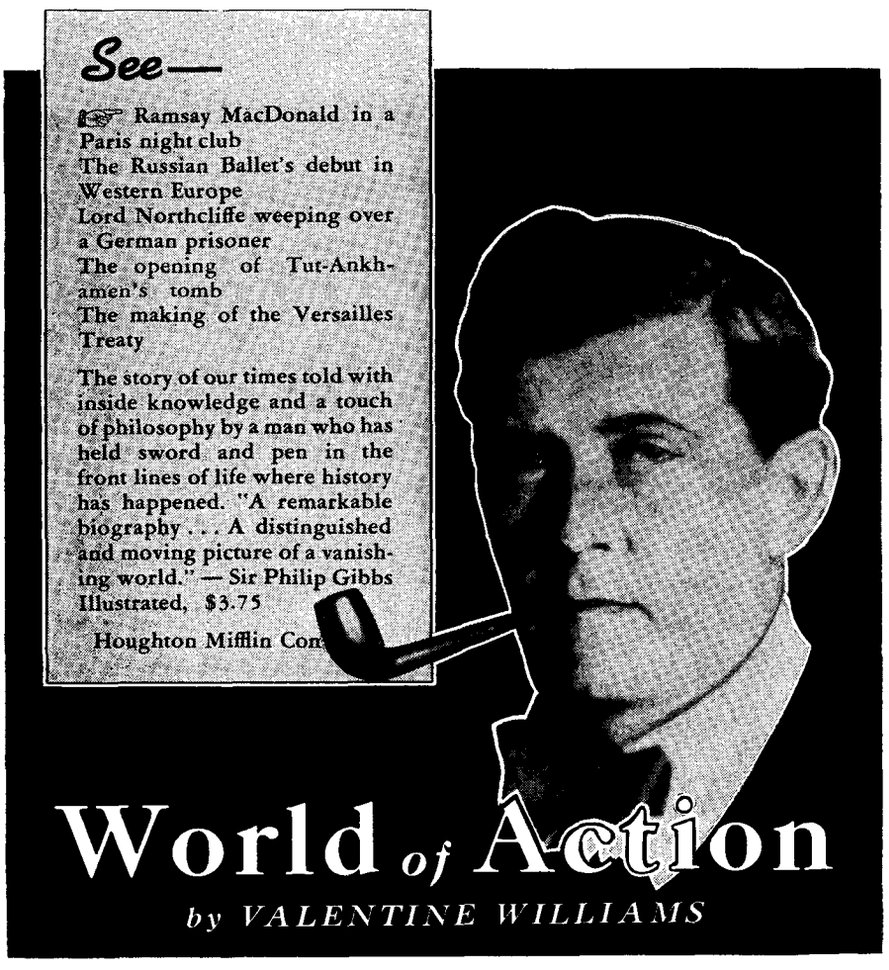
F. W.

Miscellaneous

NEW POETRY OF NEW ENGLAND: FROST AND ROBINSON. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1938. $2.

In these lectures, delivered at Johns Hopkins on the Percy Turnbull Memorial foundation, Professor Coffin tries valiantly to revitalize the Myth of New England. Taking as his text the poetry of Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson, he builds up an elaborate theory of Big-House and Little-House New Englanders—the decaying great families, represented in Robinson's work, and the Frostian farmer "who never expected too much, and so was never disappointed, who worked himself into his woods and

(*Continued on page* 22)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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Midwest Conference of the American Booksellers Association, on October 17—the first regional convention of its kind, we believe—was a notable success and much appreciation was shown of the energetic work of the committee, headed by Mr. A. Kroch. ☞A number of interesting meetings were held on trade problems, followed by a dinner at the Hotel Sherman attended by (we were told) nearly 400. ☞Mr. Kroch presided, Sterling North of the Chicago *Daily News* was toastmaster, and the speakers were Margaret Ayer Barnes, Dr. Morris Fishbein, John A. Reed (Little, Brown & Co.), Vincent Starrett, Christopher Morley, and Dr. A. E. Wiggam. ☞Rev. Preston Bradley was also to have spoken but had to leave, before his turn came, to perform a wedding ceremony. It seemed better, as Sterling North said, to allow Dr. Bradley to leave than to permit the waiting couple to begin family life without benefit of clergy. ☞Which reminds us that the Oxford Press is pleased that the Bible buried in the Time Capsule at the World's Fair, for the perusal of A. D. 6939, was an Oxford India Paper edition bound in pebbled morocco. A duplicate of same, says the O. U. P., "can be had from any bookseller." ☞It is not always wise to be too optimistic however: a friend of ours reports that he scoured the bookshops of Baltimore the other day without being able to find a copy of the complete *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book one would surely hope always to find in stock.

☞A pleasant item for the Christmas List should be G. K. Chesterton's final book *The Colored Lands*, a freakish miscellany which includes many drawings and caricatures by G. K. C. and various unusual oddities in verse and prose which have not been printed before. (Sheed & Ward, $2.50.) ☞We can't help wondering just what it was that so outraged a lady in Newport, R. I., who wrote us lately:—"I had thought I could refrain from telling you what a disappointment your magazine was when you recommended *The Hidden Lincoln* by Hertz and I paid $5 for it. Since then I have not even opened your magazine and simply drop it in the waste basket. Fortunately my subscription expires Jan. 31, 1939." ☞One anxiety is, we still think that for those who really want to know something about Abe (true, there are many who don't) and what he was up against, Mr. Hertz's editing of the Herndon papers is extraordinarily valuable and touching. ☞Maybe somebody would like to take over this indignant lady's subscription right away, we hate to think of the little magazine (on which we work hard) lying in some swanky wastebasket in Newport. ☞We bet the butler would enjoy it. ☞Among interesting literary auction-sales we note Part I of the William Randolph Hearst Collection (autograph letters and MSS to be sold at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 Fifth Avenue, November 16 and 17. ☞Mr. Tony Bade, for so many years well known auctioneer at the Anderson-American Art Galleries, very generously gave his time and services at the recent Book-Auction Dinner held for the benefit of Blind Artists. ☞We were amused to see in the Long Island Terminal bookshop (of the Doubleday Doran chain) that by chance a placard saying *The Best Book on Riding*, referring to a volume on equestrianism, stands against a pile of Zora Hurston's *Tell My Horse*—which deals with Voodoo in Haiti. ☞Chicago, by the way, is all steamed up because its projected subway, argued about for some thirty years, is going to be an actual fact. Everyone is wondering which of the Loop stations will have exits handy to bookstores. ☞With a subway Chicago will really know the Facts of Life.

☞The 100th anniversary of the historic firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons was celebrated this week (Oct. 27) by a dinner at the St. Regis. Mr. Franklin E. Parker, Jr., toastmaster of the occasion, introduced the speakers, who included Richard E. Byrd, Walter Damrosch, John Dewey, Raymond Moley, and Judge John M. Woolsey. ☞By an interesting coincidence the present George Palmer Putnam, who was with the family house from 1919 to 1930, announces a new publishing business of his own with headquarters in Hollywood (6253 Hollywood Boulevard). Mr. Putnam believes the trend of the arts is increasingly Westward, and says "with California bulging with authors, perhaps a modest publisher should have a chance."

☞It seems that Mr. Van Wyck Mason, or the New York *Times* who reported him, gave a little lastex or two-way-stretch to the September hurricane as experienced in Providence, R. I. ☞Our allusion to Mr. Mason's account (Trade Winds, Oct. 1) brought in a circumstantial letter from Mr. Ross V. Hersey of the Providence *Journal* checking some points of inaccuracy. It appears that the two women Mr. Mason saw "drowned without possibility of rescue" must have been store-window dummies. No women were drowned in Providence, Mr. Hersey says, but "there are several stories of the thrilling rescue of store-window dummies, often attractively feminine." Nor did the roof of the railroad station blow off in toto: the copper cornice was ripped off, and portions of the metal roof-covering. ☞Mr. Hersey says "Anybody who was in Providence during the hurricane, which our Governor inadvertently termed 'a great blow to the State," had plenty of thrills, so I doubt if Mr. Mason will mind if he is assured that those women escaped a watery grave." ☞Miss Maria V. Leavitt, who recently retired from the N. Y. Public Library after many years of industrious service, answers our casual inquiry as to what she was now going to read just for fun. Miss Leavitt says that in the first week of her leisure she read *The History of the Printed Book*, and *Mr. Wu* (by Louise Miln). ☞The second week she found time for *The Saturday Review*, *Life*, and *The New Yorker*. ☞In our own miscellaneous reading we greatly enjoyed John Bakeless's article (*The Commonweal*, Oct. 14) on the history of the great Variorum Shakespeare. Its beginning was when Fanny Kemble gave a free ticket for her Shakespeare readings to a 14-year-old boy in Philadelphia. This was the senior Furness who spent an entire and innocent lifetime in a differential calculus of Shakespeare tests and in raising kittens. ☞Shakespeare scholars have very often been cat-fanciers, and the poet himself was very catlike in temperament. ☞So perhaps was Chaucer (we haven't made up our mind on this); but Milton was noble and tedious like a dog.

Where are the readers of

The World

Frankly, if the old New York World were still being published, this would not be necessary. In those days it would have been a comparatively simple matter to reach the right public for so sprightly, rollicking and wholly delightful a book.

But after the death of The World its readers scattered. To reach them one advertises not in a single newspaper but in half a dozen.

And the disappearance of this market means far more to an author or publisher than merely the fact that the sale of so and so many copies is lost. For the people who read The World were in a peculiar way in the intellectual forefront of New York and of the nation. It was their recommendation, their offhand remarks, their incisive comments over the dinner table, in the conference room and, we must admit, at the speakeasy bar, which resulted in a book becoming a bestseller—or which consigned an edition to be pulped.

So this is an effort to reach that old World audience, that audience which led rather than followed, which prescribed rather than accepted. We want those old World readers to read this book. We know that they will like its Gallic frankness, its robust humor, its staccato pace; we know that if they read it they will recommend this book to their friends—perhaps in the words of The New York Times which called it "so witty, intelligent and individual."

To the first 50 persons who write to us (The Vanguard Press, 424 Madison Ave., New York City) and tell us that they were readers of the old World (and tell us what paper they're reading now) we will send, free of charge, a copy of THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER by Donald Henderson Clarke, himself one of the most brilliant reporters of the old New York World.

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NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

The New Books

(Continued from page 20)

stonewalls and barns." In the process he manages to do what Frost and Robinson, more sensitive, rarely do: he forces the type beyond reality and into sentimental caricature. This Coffin New Englander is precisely as real as the Kentucky patrician of second-rate romance, as a professional Irishman out of Lever. Regionalism pushed too far inevitably produces a never-never-land; and when it is expressed in the sedulously homespun poetry-ness that is Professor Coffin's prose style, it loses even its sentimental conviction.

The lectures are only slightly more impressive as literary criticism: the approach is "appreciative," and the appreciation all too often goes over into judgment-annihilating ecstasy. There is a tremendous amount of atmospheric writing here (as a lecturer, Professor Coffin seldom employs that traditional New England figure which he calls *"litotes:* that's understatement, in case you have forgotten your old-fashioned rhetoric"), and a great deal of quotation; but the discussion of the poems is mostly dressed-up commonplace. "The times I had picked blueberries and not known I was kneeling in poetry!" The real New England—a small part of it—is plainly and lastingly in the best poems of Robinson and Frost; in these lectures it is only a dream of prettiness. D. F.

PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 240

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-T	2-G	3-A		4-H	5-R	6-Q	7-X	8-F		9-R	10-I	11-N	12-K	
13-C	14-J		15-E	16-D		17-W	18-K	19-X	20-G	21-B	22-P		23-F	24-G	25-J	
26-C	27-M	28-O	29-Y	30-A	31-D		32-M	33-J		34-S	35-K	36-F	37-N	38-U	39-A	40-V
41-L		42-L	43-Y		44-G	45-H	46-J		47-J		48-O	49-W	50-U	51-Z	52-M	53-S
54-D	55-K	56-X	57-G		58-V	59-U	60-Q	61-A		62-G	63-L	64-H	65-X	66-P	67-T	
68-N	69-E		70-N	71-M	72-L		73-V	74-B	75-I	76-C		77-G	78-V	79-R	80-S	
81-G	82-E	83-O	84-L	85-R		86-V	87-R	88-E	89-J	90-M	91-N	92-E		93-J	94-H	95-M
	96-H	97-Y	98-S	99-J		100-Q	101-T	102-D	103-M		104-V	105-B	106-R	107-K	108-H	109-Z
110-E		111-W	112-C	113-P	114-R	115-I	116-S		117-Q	118-K	119-O	120-R	121-U	122-I	123-A	124-F
	125-J	126-P	127-S	128-F	129-D		130-U	131-X	132-Z	133-J	134-D		135-A	136-W	137-S	138-T
139-O	140-U	141-F		142-Y	143-L	144-H		145-Y	146-Z		147-U	148-D	149-I	150-Z	151-C	
152-D	153-F	154-P	155-S		156-J	157-Z		158-L	159-F	160-A	161-E	162-H	163-K	164-D	165-Z	166-X
	167-O	168-U	169-M	170-B		171-C	172-J		173-U	174-V	175-A	176-O	177-G	178-Y	179-C	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. "Resurrection man" in "Tale of Two Cities."
B. Short for a butter made from fat.
C. Logical doctrine of the laws of thought.
D. Sea spray.
E. First-rate; extremely good (slang).
F. Literary Age of Anne.
G. Compass point.
H. Character in "Christmas Carol."
I. Author of "Jackanapes" (1884).
J. Group of Connecticut writers (2 wds.).
K. Estimation; judgment.
L. Portuguese epic poem by Camoens.
M. Irish.
N. Novel by W. G. Simms.
O. Planet Venus as the morning star.
P. Of yore (poetic).
Q. Fresh tidings.
R. Wages.
S. Great Spartan lawgiver.
T. Positive principle of Chinese philosophy.
U. Mount sacred to Apollo and the Muses.
V. Defamed by a writing, picture, etc.
W. Solemn affirmation.
X. Assuming superiority (colloq.).
Y. Italian painter (1266-1336).
Z. Title of a Mozart symphony.

WORDS

135 160 3 123 175 30 61 39
21 170 105 74
76 171 112 151 13 26 179
164 134 54 16 129 102 148 152 31
88 15 69 161 82 92 110
23 153 124 159 141 8 36 128
24 2 62 77 81 44 177 57 20
64 162 45 94 4 96 108 144
115 75 122 10 149
99 47 125 33 172 156 133 25 89 93 14 46
55 118 18 107 163 12 35
84 143 41 42 63 72 158
103 52 169 90 95 32 27 71
91 68 11 70 37
83 28 48 119 167 139 176
126 154 113 22 66
60 6 100 117
87 106 5 79 9 120 114 85
155 80 53 127 137 98 34 116
1 101 138 67
50 59 140 121 38 130 173 168 147
58 78 86 174 104 40 73
136 49 17 111
56 19 7 65 166 131
29 97 145 43 178 142
150 132 146 157 109 165 51

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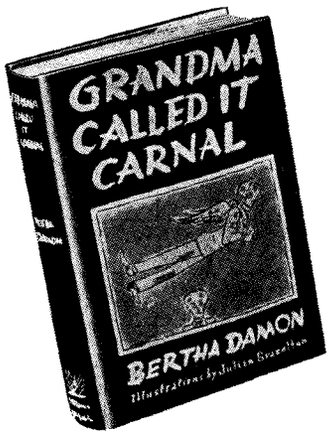

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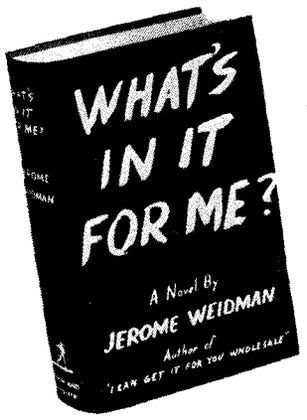
GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL

by Bertha Damon



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by Jerome Weidman

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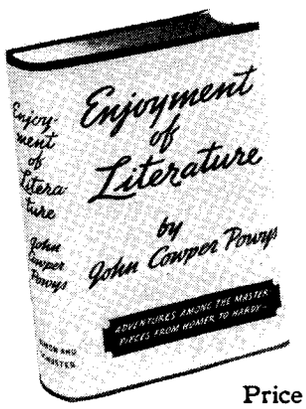

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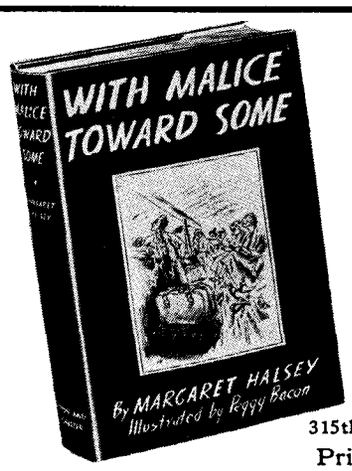

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From Page 71 of

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME

by Margaret Halsey

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